

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, June 8. 1708.

WELL, Gentlemen, I have done with my Exhortation about your choosing *Tories*; your Elections are near over, and if you have been mad, you must reap as you have sown; if you have done well, you will fear no Envy; if you have done ill, you will deserve no Pity; the Issue must determine the thing.

But I cannot quit this Affair of Elections, before I take Notice a little of the general Behaviour of the *Country* and Persons of Quality, in order to their Election. What is become of all our Comedians? Ah, *Rochester*, *Shadwell*, *Orway*, *Oldham*, where is your Genius? Certainly, no Subject ever deserv'd so much to be exposed, nothing can be so fruitful in Banter, or deserved more to be ridicul'd.

Here's a Knight of the Shire, and he rides round the Country to get Votes, and he is to be at such a Town on the Market Day to meet with the Country Freeholders. Two Country Men are going to that Market, and they hear the Great Man will be there, and they fall to talk of it as they go along; One's a *Grazier*, and has a Cow to sell; the Other's a Farmer, and he has a Sow and Piggs, and they fall to dialogue it as they go along.

Grazier. Neighbour *J.*... what they say Sir *Thomas* will be at the Town to-day.

Farmer. What to speak about his Election I warrant ye, is 'nt it?

Gra. Ay, ay, zooks we mun all vote for him, they say, his Bayly was was with all the Tenants

Tenants t'other Day, and kiss'd all our Wives round, and said, my Landlord sent him; but they say, he shall come and kiss 'em himself, before they'll speak for him, they won't take it at second hand.

Far. Your good Wives know their Landlord well enough; was it not he that kiss'd Farmer *M...*'s Wife, and put two Guineas into her Mouth, which serv'd to stop her Mouth, and make her Husband speak?

Gra. My Landlord does all he can to get in, and yet he never could get half his own Tenants to vote for him.

Far. He's too close fist'd, he does nothing for poor Folks all the time, but just when he wants to be chosen.

Gra. Well, well, we must make him pay for it then, and he shall pay for it, if he gets my Vote for all I am his Tenant; I pay him Rent enough for his Farm, and if he don't like it, I have a little Farm of my own, I cannot live without him; if he comes to speak to me, I'll be very plain with 'n.

Far. In troth so will I too; but what shall we say to him, will he give us any Money?

Gra. I can't tell; but if he won't, Sir *William* will, and he sets up against him; the Greyhound is his House, and he spends his Money like a Prince; I'm resolv'd to go there, I know his Steward *Jeffery*.

Far. Nay, I'll go to them both; a Body may get drink enough at both Houses, and Money too they say; I'll e'en get it of both of them, as long as it is to be had.

Gra. No, no, *M...*, that is not fair.

Far. Fair, they are Rogues to give Money at all; if they will give their Money away, any Body may take it, mayn't they? I don't steal it from them.

Gra. But they give it to get your Vote, and you promise to vote for them, and you must cheat one of them.

Far. That's your Mistake now, Neighbour, for *Jeffery* was with me yesterday, and I am to have two Guineas of his Masters to day, and I made him no positive Promise, but put him thus; why Mr. *Jeffery*, Sir *William* knows, I won't be against him, leave the rest to me; he pretends to understand me, and I shall promise just the same to Sir *Thomas* to day, if I can get two Gui-

neas more; and then when the Day comes, I'll e'en stay at home, and vote for no Body, and a'nt I as good as my Word?

By this Part of the Story Gentlemen may see how they are used, when they go underhand to bribe and buy Voices from the Country; they debauch the very Morals of the People, gull and cheat themselves, see themselves Bubbles to the poorest Clown, and are bound to stand still, and tho' they know it, say nothing.

Here are two Gentlemen in a Town on the Market Day, there they take up each of them a publick House; first the Ale-house Keeper, he bumbools them, and charges all the Ale he has in the House twice over, so much a Barrel, whether 'tis drunk out or no; if his Worship does not like it, he does him wrong, for he has brought in all his Customers to vote for him; and Sir *William* sent his Gentleman to him, and would he but have espoused his Interest, he offer'd him all that, and ten Guineas for the Use of his House.

Well, there's no disputing, there's 150 l. to pay, and there is no Remedy.

Well, then here sits Sir *Thomas* all the Market Day, the Rooms are all full; here's two or three Butchers, there half a dozen Farmers; in another a Gang of such a Towns-men, and Up-Stairs a Parcel of their Wives; Sir *Thomas* has his Servants up and down the Town, and in every Gang among them fishing for Votes, and drinking with them; now he goes into this Room, then to that; here a drunken Butcher, gorg'd with his Ale, spurs in his Worship's Presence, there a Clown belches in his Face; here Farmer *R.....*'s Wife buff's his Steward, because Sir *Thomas* was not civil to her, that is, spoke to her to have her Husbands Vote, but did not put two Guineas into her Hand, and tells him, her Sons are both Freeholders, and what does Sir *Thomas* mean? There's an old Woman, she's out of Humour, and a going away, and what's the Matter? — No, nothing's the Matter, but my Dame goes away, and won't promise the Steward any thing; well, she's quite lost, and the Reason is never known, till it comes out among the Gossips in the Neighbourhood,

hood, and the Steward hears of it, that Sir Thomas spoke to her in the Street, and did not salute her Gentlewomanship, whereas he had kissed all the Goodies and Gammars in the upper Room; this Scene is at the Sign of the Red Lion, Sir Thomas ——— knows where.

Shall we go over the Way now to Sir William ———, he is at the Greyhound, as the Farmer told us just now; and pray Friends take it with you as you go, that this Farce now has the Misfortune to be so true a Jest, that really I can hardly find in my Heart to laugh at it.

Sir William is a jolly, frank, open handed Gentleman, whether Whig or Tory, I don't examine, that is not to the Purpose here; the Lesson is to them all, and either may make use of the Moral, while it would be their Wisdom to let alone the Fable.

Coming into the Greyhound Inn at —, you find it a large House built on all Sides of a Square Yard, or in our common Dialect, *all round the Square*, the Rooms and Galleries are all full of the Country People, and several Tables in the Yard, some quite drunk, some three-quarters speed, all drinking, stinking, roaring, swearing, sleeping, spouting, &c. and all for Sir William.

At a Table on the right hand under a Shed, on the North East Corner of the Wall, just by a Kennel where the Fox is chain'd, I am the more particular, because perhaps Sir William may want those Directions to remember it by, tho' one would think he should not neither. — At this Table sits about half a dozen Country Fellows, Butchers, Tanners, Farmers, and *like like*, drunk enough you may be sure.

Sir William, as he visits the Rooms where his Freeholders are drinking, comes out into the Gallery, and they spy him; then first Huzza, and all upon their Feet shouting, a ——— naming his Name, Sir William salutes them from the Gallery, and down they sit to it again; by and by one Dr. drunker than the rest, he calls out to Sir William, that he drank his Health, then there's another B.w. due from Sir William: But Sir William, says the Clown aloud, won't you come and drink with us? and

then he wraps out a great W——ds, won't your Worship come and drink one Cop with your honest Freeholders, we are all Freeholders, and swears again by his Maker, and again all Freeholders, B—G—D—yea, Sir William, all Freeholder, won't your Worship drink with us?

Well, Sir W. honest Gentleman, he does not care for it; but he says, Ay, ay, Gentlemen, I'll come to you presently, and then he sends one of his Stewards or Agents, bids him go to them. Who a P—— sent you to us Goodman Gentleman, you are a Steward, you are a Slave; bring us Sir William or the young Esq; d—ye, we scorn to drink with any Body but your Master, Sirrah— Well, Gentlemen, says the Steward, for he must not offend them, my Master will wait on you; then another begins with two or three Hiccups and Belches, why look you Mr.— to the Steward, we are all Men that have something of our own, Man, and if Sir W. won't drink with us, *look ye Sir, d'ye see*, and he won't drink wy us, *that is*, and if Sir William, *that is*, thinks himself, *d'ye see*, too good to drink, *that is*, with poor Country Folks, *d'ye see*, why then I'll tell ye, that Sir, *d'ye see*, we'll vote none, *that is*, come Tom, we'll be gone; No, pray Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen, my Master is coming—Away he goes and tells Sir William, they are a going away, if his Worship does not come down.

Down comes Sir William—, and O then they are as joyful as Drunkenness and Oath: will let them be, and his Worship must sit down; and could I but give you a Picture now of the Baronet among the Boars, on one hand of him sits a Butcher greater as the Master of the Company, fat as a Bullock of 12*l*. Price, drunk as a Drum, drivelling like a Boar, foaming at Mouth with a Pipe in his Jaws, and being in the open Yard, holds it so that the Wind carries the Smoke directly in Sir William's Face; on the other hand sits a Tanner, not so fat, but twice as drunk as t'other, every now and then he lets a great Fart, and first drinks his Worship's Health, then spues upon his Stockings; a third gets up from the lower End of the Table to make a Leg, and drink to his Worship; then comes so near him to give him